The Long Stall of the Ladder's Percussion

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from memories form God

Stalactical memories
grasping for gravity
like taunt rumors

digestible only
for a barking season,
even then, no turned ablation

not until the birds have tears
and all the birds are God

Evening kisses with God

Where I had assumed, perhaps too comfortably,
that God would talk me off the ledge, I hear Her say,

“I never told you I would talk you off the ledge.
If you want to jump, then jump.
Perhaps you will be a better man for it.
But do not paint me in a light of uncaring.
I know you, I never seared ashtrays or billowed curtains
with someone with your interior.
We all have masks to hide,
exchanging kisses with God doesn’t change that.
And now I have put you in a place to be better prepared
to jump. Rise and fall in your comfortable place.”

If I can still locate the master interior files.
The loose change repair kit kicks at me.
The poor show themselves to me, not expecting me to care.
Every day is a fathom of drilled teeth,
rain passmore spiraling under the waves.
Too much fruit for the gardening feathers,
too much resolution for the youthful inexperienced
disarray of petitioned signage and fame-haunts.

No, no, no, no, push me off the ledge.
I want to fly for the briefest moment
before reticence sets in and carries me home.
I am eager to arrive on that brilliant other
non-collapsing side. Restored and rested.

uncritical doubt of morn’

Good morn’ to the trauma circles of (re)stilled debt
like a flyer’s mask under the winded cushion
un-protruding and unannounced, villainous in
its discourse, intrepid in its cast iron doubt
like feathered lakes in place of a landing,
they come from far off to be there, hoping,
scattered defendants seize the asphalt deterrence
like camels on the runway and cigars in the nests,
hammered pottery, where once stood a mountain,
dreams in elliptical seasons of uncritical doubt

waiting for searing iron throngs

do not change your mind about me
east coast bellicose songs flattened
belligerence ascribed to neighbors
never entering these partial doors

singspiel poetry, if all the words
of God are songs, but language
does not distinguish songspeak
like pelted language of sunrise

impartial to the sinking ocean
where I once found myself swim
covered in heavy towels to hold
making it easier to sink back stalled

it may be time to return to spiraling
before the searing iron throngs return
demand their simple array of customs
that I must tolerate their oblate signing

the missing caretaker

history is the result of bad leaders and bad religions
tussled and torn towards transcendence and asking
what was love for if not to wear out beneath our feet

fences on the contending horse carriage dockings
like stations that never turned towards me or you
but did, in fact, need us to sing, to bring God to life

like hourglass shovels sinking spring before birth
horseshoes that didn’t match or meet the caretaker

Adrianne Lenker spilling lilies in the garage

Crossbow downstrokes assigning lightening to the drivers of borrowed sticks
drones leaving the temple to seize wine dimes where there were no tangent cymbals
like pirated heartache on the corners of New York City lanes or drives and hearing
one ear ringing, one ear numb, where the souls did not shoulder the rhythm or sing

Partitioned for one more myth-ridden red heart like lighthouses bottoming out tonight
we were once a path of strangers like engineers in the driveway of a yawning parlor
before the noted inscription that left us starting at the sky in the same place like God
if it were not that I have not seen the night sky in months queued on tranquilizing noises

you cannot use God as a refuge from a broken canopy

minor Caesar roasts like ambient dogs of tender fair and joy
blessure hosts like fever hind legs squatting in short tense
“there are things you do not need to know right now
get down from here, you broken record, you solo dance
where concerts go to suffocate sleepily and bashfully”

“where line dances commute like fine Irish dotting mothers
finish lines are not abandoning the remote change
for an opportune mind of hallucinating grateful goat mother
illusive genetic consummate materialism, donning” rendering
masks of secret intentions of sweet deliveries with breakfast….

holding to life all the tried tragedies like an intrusive brave farmer
beating bearing red hearts where there were masks to cover
the blood speaking from the ceiling under savory fungi and roots,

here she comes she finally roasts the Caesar in the ceiling
of our minds where we greet the burning with blessure and joy..
now enhancing having tired of grass root schisms
we will take the shredded symbols of warm weather friends
for depth and how we engage them, we eat them, we eat them,
now that the holiday has come, now that the warm season
we feared has reversed and the calming sound can return
with pitch perfect quiet and a soothing altitude alarm for her farm

calliditie discourse from the meaning to the sea

devil hounds ligate for short breathing spells
like the craft of strangers compiled with coasts
among mothers and ghost titillated corn brush
gasping at registered voters for historical sake

dog bone deleterious celestial intervals infused
dark bass part along the laid together compost
law-giving burnish for roots, seeds, and travel
sandstones of woollen cloth containing verse

“I love God,” that branded me upon your sight
a speech in the maples, a figment in the apple
a feature of the slow taken actual pool weather
damned from Alcatraz like a soft, coiled morn’

the register of the forbidden on the honeymoon
paradisi acid pulp before the consequence stone
quick steps beyond in time to catch long length
clement contrasting misconceptions so unifying

closed truck offspring of matter where it hurts
true to the soil of laser pits and cruel indicted
tattered unto a likeness where favored ripples
crushing southern constellations long ago in joy

supplication for avaricious strenuous stalks

after the dawn paradigm
we are fit maladroit partners
married to the moonstrokes
like rigid firesticks donned
with camps of gorgeous
water pipes, where fesen strokes
dine in ashtray cars in respect
to Pheasants and barnyard
tropical forests like microwave
ceilings groping the cleansing
soils where nourishment
possessing visical chiefs
domesticate the calculus
of our internalized familial
capitalization like a renal
cowhide on the oath of
Indian mulberry goodness
in accord to the value
of triplated, doused saints
returning to the ashtray car
for one last lonely shimmer home

the red gauntlet holding five books flooding Dan in Damascus

“Fyve bookes com doun from heven for informacioun of mankynde.”
- R. Higden, *Polychronican*

Book 1

a sisterhood of tall pines
varied saints drunk on tales
lips searing the skin for protein
now comes the excursion

Book 2

the sanctuary mess vetting
the grace of the snow curving
where oils and vacuums divide
here we are homed together

Book 4

triumph where lions parley fences
taught the first love never died
nothing is true under God’s influence
where carried saints drink tales

Book 5

locate the bitter stems for many fields
caught inside neighborhood paints
shying away from the night lights
towards the patterned dim stallway

Book 3

the just judgment carried briefcase
tailored to your bottom whit
where seagrass and spoils ripen
sawing leads off manuscripts

no primary language of the afterlife

no language, no design, no tension – no countering weight
no book that can tell the truth of our misgivings in the wild of the trailer park
birthing us into a void like a fishnet apprehension that speaks to God
regionality forced upon us where corn and dew settle on the angelic front
no words that can compel the broken down leniency agasp like clockwork dismissal
a God that fits a letterbox saw through my trial and coined me uncertainty
in a place where no messiah sees Earth as a wedding vow
but does see us under the measures of our trace cognition
attempting to lift our immobile spirits in the least grateful of times

a hegemony strikes the world while our least efforts condole a reception of spirits
triggers and ashtrays and bespoken pirated lands of corporate cleaning rooms
resting on Brean admonished hands for marked entry and storied stellar concerns
a statehouse upon graves mark the territory of forbidden movements
forbidden motives corral the scapegoat reception after the dampened weddings
poets try to entrap God into acting with hymns of toss-decorated words
and bylines of misplaced chords while all adults were in attendance,
a romance of weddings with built fearful architecture for the enemies of good
in an act so desperate they merely almost got their way, parsing aside a reconciliation

The see drained Selene temple

Helios is crying with sandbags under his instructive eyes
like tire irons drawn out to the sound of docile instruments

measures of low calorie wheat tackle the diminutive sealing forest
never knowing the paralytical analysis of weathered ligament tracked favoritism
much like the father's freighter in sand and solitude that meted out dust chimes

and at home we cry with Sarah's children dotting in a turf war of furnished pots
cello habitat cells and corner store mats finishing each other's tidal equations

lunar notes of scholia where tables were set to relive the marriage ceremony
no desire for presence or gratitude nor fixture placed a tension in the orbit
Sarah died knowing her children would be a song for mere hope in loss and fold
there was nothing we could do to escape the compounding tragedy approaching
no justice in the circle of brother hymns that gather for love's misplaced craters

never attempt to scorn a neighbor with an ailing tufted rejoiner acting on interest
the seeds of the moon do not pacify the birds of the Earth cajoling heaven's entrails

Siren Breathing Axes

The plow scouring saints
disinfect the skirts of the holy trailer
work hats on your father's head, be advised
the rooms are moving with the sinner
the vacuum and hay like preamble stills
now in Kentucky jails for drunk and disorderly
forever resting like a marksman now still
someone get this grave off of him
tear the earth off this bone and wig
the giants and calling his name to the scratch
where the comfort land throws axes at his son
no more roman cathedrals sing
next to sleeping summer stones
now, grandpa, start breathing smoke again
you think we did not know that time your body
escaped the hospital and was arrested
in a Walmart parking lot trying to avoid
a breathalyzer or blood test having crashed
the truck again, oh, mr. nascar, be my father
where the police sirens ignore you throwing
an axe at your son and repeating his childhood map

You told us you were the enemy

storms clashing in the bleachers
where the voices reach the center field
the stress of the induction
seems to call, “didn’t you crave the end?”
“What changed?”

“You said you experienced it all.
Now your heart moves like there
is something more.”

the tales of our particular disaffection
have never been fully formed or realized
it is as though no one has spoken
for most of us, because of us, becoming us
with accuracy and a realistic representation

no one could love this nightmare
enough to be proud of telling the story
why should we tell you our story
it is not yours to keep
in Canada some of us
would qualify for doctor assisted
suicide while in ‘merica we can’t
even qualify for disability,
and your gaze and prodding and judgement
and use your two-bit factoid
like you could draw a map,
to contain our entirety, penciled in expert,
you yourself are the enemy,
you always were, it is not us that made
you so, or marked you as the enemy,
it is you that told us that you were,
you told us right away

Franklin’s Balcony

smoky brass conjuring
Franklin’s costly rowing
furnace dew –

your pleasure milks across
the evening storms’s
seven-year box matches,

relinquish your shop,
startled timidity –
bring our human humbling
distracted balcony.

Franklin will thank you
with transparent honey,
it’s an ordinary sight,
where stars bend delight.

grace and tragedy,
the same stationary
when God wants to talk,
with an earnest failure
on the morning drift, once
a daffodil’s shaping thought.

The needle base

no one is a fixture
    at any point in time
realigned to the sound
    evening shadows bend
below is the doomed orchestration
    like a flagrant society
rushing in to find ordeals and sky
    all gone, all managing
    with the needle base

The collaborator and the carriage

The fruit tree in the pardoned yard
said, “you love regret. Why are
you at this symmetry?”

“a carriage. a lawn cycle. a measuring
rod. all keepsakes from our forgotten
temple dress rehearsal.”

“come clean,” said the neighbor,
“you have tea in bed. How bad
can it be?”

“for the moment, you’re right,” I answered,
“for the moment I am a form like Joseph
collaborated.”

the fascist doctor’s petroleum police

Watchful spies over his ring finger
treading lightly on handcuffs
and mint tea, confessions that confuse
the promises of anti-utopian saints

Still, war and dredging of cult monopoly
like a tragicomedy mating toy,
centuries later the fate or pattern
stenosis that have routine canon
endorsement of petroleum police
where the walking beat is curved in whetstone
and throwaway fascism like a doctor’s
makeshift closure, the miniseries virtue and
retraced behavior, at least the symptoms are fast

names, administrations, and measurements

a sequence of source food staring
at the self-possessed linen of the neck

saturated in timid conversation be it
muscle or rewarded passages in the dark

pursuing sentience with brooms and law
and limbs and passing neighboring fractures
that seize to stall a flint, collapsing unto
a small mouthful of traps, dear frail name

Baratour Statesman Over the Tire of a Yellow El Camino Electric Bicycle

lawn fabric ironing baratour statesman inclined low to the barking sound
hired for bird mimicking and charm pagan bow, like a leaf-string autocrat,
some plead with you to bring the end now soon, like taxis to hallucinations,
others know Earth has faced far worse than this, and Earth is better without us,

yes, the horrors of the entire Earth, holistically, with all the to collective rage
has faced even worse that this still, where the eldest cetaceous son parks in the snow,
more than our decree or fattening, drinking the water out of bodies with celery,
but God and Earth and not bound to us, not to our arrogance or self-importance,
our behavior, our gait, a chincer smoking arthouse stalled in the dreaming freeway

we were once old men being old men, catching fry houses like mutual neighbors
we are now stage crash imports fearing the fraternity of yawning fetches of milk strays,
money and a few strongmen has made us cowards on peaks of yellow fountain dust,
the parking lot bully is taking every wallet and purse and laughing at our willingness,

yet now no bone shoulders the horror his to dread, vertebral wound dress, visible sign,
his own smearing, covering over the tires, the barley of took oil, splash in the cooking bath
of a yellow moonlight El Camino electrical bicycle past the hush a more tolerate tones

too many pearls

distinguishing between the failed and the minnow
like a tried price on Saturday
boats offshore towed to the obelisk drum
where the beating fish
gives up a weekend
for a retirement among the
stars of their grandchildren
like lion scopes peeling oranges
and the rarefied blossoms
of too many pearls

on that day we will be “Happy Together”

after my death is confirmed,
and not just presumed,
turn the speakers to 25
so that you can hear
the music outside
as you stare into the clouds,
listening to The Turtles’s
“Happy Together,” so loud
you all forget who we are

I am not asking you to dance,
or to pour a drink, or even talk
about me as though you knew me,
I do not need a funeral for my shell,
no, do not mourn me or respect me,
do not consider me part of this
side show we pretend is reality
do not avenge me, not that you could,
do not remember me after the song
just let “Happy Together”
after my death speak for itself

For I will be meeting with God
and She/He/They will be clearing
away all of my remaining tears

gathered by baluster strings for a long lasting run

illusions of melodies with adoptive parents
of neume notation, adrift in the memo
she sings of disenfranchised suspicion
delving in the air like climbing property
tonight we stage a coup from the baluster
of the high brass among the bass notes
chafing too loose to be gathered by strings
damned in the wastewater of love songs
taken to track by the unexpected symphony
where casual driving to the western coast
steals memories from the air of the conductor

Docent Finches in Appalachia Drinking Berries

a glass audience weeps for no person like a Peg-billed Finch
drinking berries and tossing the rest off Costa Rica branches

berries teaching weeds to envelop
the abandoned carcasses of trains
of the oppressed north

dominant hands are still, but stinging,
waving at the opposing army at night
when they will not be *surprised*
or frightened

of being in her house
under her bed

working for us with cinnamon wingbars
charging with her disarmament and piercing
between the antesque society and the gavel,
a song of glass heard across borders and holy texts

forest rangers in Appalachia are singing,
“All the birds are God”

The cost of teaching

careerism is always the preoccupation
of the calculated and careless
when there is a price for learning
it losses values of achievement
the public could teach each other best
no more spying on who accesses
with open access we free all spectra
technical and critical knowledge

open access frees the rocks and pond
builds engagement, encourages valor
instead of historical ecology being
a tool of repression behind closed doors,
under open access historical ecology
saves the planet, the people, Earth's
species, and the container of all those
previously closed lectures and writings

the cost of teaching is teaching itself
where it was once taught that ontology
should capture a shared space, it now
also should include a shared education
the infinite potential is of our minds

localized and regional degrowth
must include shared spaces of learning
to each who are able, to their ability
must share and teach readily at no cost
reject the capitalist possession of knowledge

for the fabric of angel wings

Where we host our pageant treasures,
our silver coated candy like oxygen
for maelstrom outsiders gnawing
for the fabric of angel wings
dining out past curfew.
Do you think S/He hears us
in the wind between the bombs?
Marriages among the winter coats of war;
stalling in front of the dime store
to see our reflections on the way to the mob
of resistance martyrs, fighters, victims,
like the settled parting way in the sail
that all dreams die in. One on top of the other.
Like a fair-toned wheel of time's displacement.
Like oil for fettered hams. And Sundays
for the lost noises of the apricot evening
and torn winter dresses in the morning,
after the bombs have had their way,
between us and with the smoky darlings
of Earth's lost, familiar way.

Transnational Act

staples of pattered good will lancing,
oceanic anchor masks – tossed, nutual walking,
turned over through hurdled iron and steel disputation,
descending gesture towards partial avowed nests,
concrete tragedienne walk round, revoking
diving firewood into marks of canablous tithes,
under approbation and pondering tickets,
salesman like a ruined renewal of vows,
paced, slowed, timed snowcapped legs collapsing,
dismissing the dredging of clean suppositions
dancing to a song that hates to be danced to,
chipped ore smoking only through the reservoir,
captured feat and strode vapors on charted splendor
in the gust of negating hallowed stalling of a performative gee

(canablous – meaning the act of hating millionaires and billionaires)

the printed Od force mapped, saying, “stop dancing”

pattered scratches making their way to Denmark
like traveling gifts for an Od force of deceit,
children breaking their backs with rocks and garbage,
trading with the British all along the rights entitlements’ house,
laughing, trained robustous brood opens the State Hall eyes
tempting grace just to stay alive in the imagination.

reduced to grateful melodramatically catastrophical manners –
“stop dancing,” she says, “like a pigmentation in the sheets,
you must die once for your supper and second learn to stoically meet
the drafted storm industry flirting with rotation, placed tred,
like a staple wedging of the gifts of sacks and narratives.
just feel your feet on the tired iron. from there you park
the pursued sand, finding a frown now where bled clothing remarks.”
tempered holidays front a meal as it asks for currency thesis maps

The Elephant Doctor (Circles)

For me (1 - 7)

four moons for patriots to decide on
five shades of partially belonging to truth
where are riddles that take us home
when we were alone and misty
shaped like boundaries for elephants
shaped like silhouettes of ships in the sky
never different from parenthood and aging

found to raise a son named Golden
whether blessed or corrupted
it will be between him and God
but with such a name as Golden
God will have to test him
And if God must test him
God will be watching over him

in time the day when I am ill
with DNR tattooed on my chest
the timing of my passage to the front
will coincide with God watching Golden
and bringing me to the tide of collapse
where all the elephants are rejoicing
long have they waited to smile at me

In the dust where Abraham lives

For Dr. Collington Peacewool

"I wrote a poem on a dog biscuit"
– Galaxie 500, "Fourth of July"

money gutted on a dirt road
telling all of the secrets that it sold
memory is a favored schism of dreams
makes things worse than it seams

pity and memory swashbuckling and dancing
ramifications of parley backyard fencing
steps to avoid pregnancy like the mayor of the body
avoiding the resemblance of a new police eye'd invader

too much trouble for Sarah or fishing books
like Abraham's gutting and cleaning counter talking
outside by the shed, remote and frowning
where her sons smoke cigarettes with love

the God swollen sheets would visit when he was just 149
starving with the ankle bracelet covering a tattoo
never frightened of the shelf-made reasoning, that Abraham
living to cross sideways in the dark and docile fabrics

shoved into the dryer fighting with the stolen spin cycle
rest Abraham, drink your whiskey bread soldier pants
you were never meant to see this part, where you live
where the forger dies under the terrain of your land's cry

(a) landlocked parade mocked wedding (b) insubordinate geological age

(Bailing associate lawyer out)
“Are you kidding?
You’re still alive because of me.
I got you out of jail.
Because you quit and de-persecuted”

(Gunman kicking prisoners)
“We’re starting to separate.
You’re not at all allowed
to talk to your trainees”

(postscript; previously mentioned in attire)
dormant wedding blouses
cajoling the Easter parade
where winter pays dues
to unwritten seismic pressure
doling passion fruit and wine
where tires tend to behest chivalry
like a missing elocution of patronizing
mass design, temples in the doorway
seeing to the problems of the flock
where scarce was the romance
and the language was petty arsenal
for muted distribution and partnered,
fealty of conscience – deciding vespers knots
were more noteworthy, than Easter wed

doctrine of midnight waitresses

a doctrine of midnight waitresses from a clutch of visitation
focused on the top string where sleep shines on picture bottles
where a couple catches us running holding on spades flat
breaking hallowed grey ponds to chapped conjecture
trimming the deficit to all constructed language
they did not want to tolerate being alone for you
tipping the dressing nights knowing how you are troubled
your needs they cursed on pearls for military schools
doubt from within a missed key on top the pattered soil

On the presage of the front

Hagar is still alive, there’s a reason they can’t hear her
that generation left behind the love, left behind the one child
an armed onslaught on the last battlestar, furnished, quickened
custodial language for the harmony of saints lifting flutes
machinations of rinsing doubt on the calculus of wings
nature takes up time like asphalt in the roaming sky
here only to pretend perturbed shipmates don’t last nightly
fading quickly in permanence like wet sand sweet glaze farmers
nothing in history takes a feat, nothing stationed intuits the tread
signal embedding the presage at the front of clandestine memory
where perforated matter sinks our frontier ink like a hand’s aggregate
chalk and the mighty dust of a comet trailing home to tell Earth, no

of sand-pay

The partisan stall is finite, adroit, anti-maleficent,
direct, and prepared for dull strident daylight –
pitched to the people like an empire portending
to stay while taking the elderly gambling

96 year olds taking to kids to park river land
only to get towed for back injuries being insufficient,
fire engines ticketed on the highway by an officer
who believes he will go to Mars in his lifetime

not realizing us rug rats are the last thing Hilary needs,
but will foment your lineage once you are teething,
once you have cemented your royal chain crevice of war,
they all tear up like the KKK in scrimmage with day-shown bats
howling at each other's footsteps and sailing crooked towards noon
the acrobats in the patriarch's stables sip clouds of death along the way

28 years

Damnation is flashing heroin you were
inadvertently given as a form of punishment
while you are wildly high in the sky on a large,
climbing tree limb swing endowed with apt nature.

“Did you see?” you might think, but it was all
you thought that was the illusion.

You were never getting an afterlife for your suffering.

Without a partition to confess to or a country to escape to

rule of law is smoking in the hotel bathroom
rooks and kings on south street douse the wedding
gasoline fabric and hundred dollar bills attest
where can the cops be found but watching aloft
down from the scope of a tank on central road
family time is important, smiles, flowers, salmon
porch light with iced tea wearing whiskey polos
crass on the crying frame of emotive polit-gedy